

No Happy Endings

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Summary: Summary: Post-Pacifist AU. With the barrier broken, the monsters freed and their relationship with humans on a rocky path to improvement, it seems that everything will finally be peaceful for Frisk and Co. But, of course, there are no happy endings. Chara will make sure of that. Warning for depressing events, blood, major character death.

1. Welcome Home

Frisk had been on edge recently. Well, that was a massive understatement. At first they seemed to just be more stressed, more... out-of-it. But recently, it had gotten rather more severe. The human had distanced themselves from the others on most days, preferring the company of themselves. Their eyes seemed more sullen, dark circles heavily underlining them and indicating their lack of sleep. They didn't eat as much, they didn't talk as much. Watching anime with Alphys felt more like a chore than a fun activity with a exercise sessions with Undyne had become much less proactive, much less frequent, despite Undyne's unwavering encouragements. Asgore's bedtime stories could no longer make their face glow with a soft smile as they faded into a restful sleep. Dinners turned awkward and became quite uncomfortable for everyone involved. Even Sans' puns no longer made them break out into laughter with their comical lack of quality, now only bringing forth a slightly amused, stifled exhale from their nose. Frisk hadn't been like this in... well, ever. Everyone was starting to get worried about Frisk's health, mentally and physically.

Having come home from school, they gave Toriel a forced smile, politely and quietly declining her offer of some leftover butterscotch cinnamon pie before dragging their feet all the way to their room, like a puppet held by strings of an impractical length. Their facade faded as they silently clambered into their room, giving the door a dismissive shove. Frisk numbly walked over to their bed. They slipped their hefty messenger bag off their shoulder, collapsing

forward on the bed tiredly. The human felt a small wave of relief flow through them after the dreary droll that had been their day, pressing their face into the cool pillow at the end of the bed. Soon, they began to slowly slip away, their exhaustion slowly pushing them into sleep. They tried to fight it, but they just needed to rest for now. They had to. They'd been going all day, night through morning, morning through afternoon. The embrace of sleep slowly closed around them, drawing Frisk into its hold.

"Just a minute!" Toriel finished cleaning out a few particularly dirty dishes, setting them down in a stack before moving at a brisk pace to answer the door. She opened the door, a warm smile settling across her face.

"Sans! How lovely to see you!" the goat mother greeted the skeleton.

"Hey, Tori."

"Come in, come in!" Sans showed his traditional wide grin to her (not that he could make many other facial expressions) as he stepped through the door. "How have you been, Sans? It's been a while!" She asked politely. In reality, it hadn't actually been long at all; it'd only been about a couple days. "I've been, uh, well." The skeleton answered. "How's the kid been holding up?" Toriel's smile faded slightly. "Frisk hasâ€| been getting worse." She admits quietly, worry seeping into her tone of voice, and a frown replacing the faded smile. "They've been staying up in their room more and more, they hardly ever come out... They didn't even want any of the cinnamon butterscotch pie last nightâ€|"

Sans' expression became more sullen. His grin didn't go away - it couldn't - but it was clear he was fairly perturbed by that news. "Damnâ€| What's gotten into the poor kid?"

"... Actually, Sans, Iâ€| wanted to talk to you about thisâ€|" Toriel murmured, stepping into the corridor to the living room. Sans followed along behind her quietly before they entered the living room, hands deep into his pockets. "What's up?"

Toriel slowly sat into her chair, looking toward Sans. The skeleton climbed onto the couch and plopped himself down, turning his attention toward Toriel.

"... As youâ€| know, Frisk hasn't been doing very well recentlyâ€| and... I'll be honest, Sans, I really have no idea what could be wrongâ€| I'veâ€| I've provided for them, I've cooked them their favorite food as often as I can, I help them with their studyingâ€| Am Iâ€| Am I not doing enough? Are they upset with me? Iâ€| I don't know, Sans, it's just soâ€| so wrong, for them... I fear I might be the one to blameâ€|" Toriel spoke in a soft voice, looking like she was about to cry.

Sans made a quick response, hopping up to his feet and moving over to her. "Oh, no, hey, Tori, you've been great! Come on, you're a great mom. I doubt whatever's happening with Frisk has anything to do with you." The skeleton reassured her, reaching one hand out and placing it on her's. "Come on now, don't be so hard on yourself. Frisk adores you."

Toriel bit her tongue lightly, taking a few slow breaths as she calmed herself down.. "Iâ€œ| suppose you are right, Sansâ€œ| Butâ€œ| can youâ€œ| do something for me, Sans?"

"'Course, Tori. What is it?"

"I need you to... help Frisk, if you canâ€œ| I don't know what could be wrong, and I feel that me asking would beâ€œ| an uncomfortable experience for themâ€œ|"

Sans listened, nodding his head slightly. Toriel continued after a moment. "And I think that they'd be more open to you, Sans."

"Alright. I can do that." He says, lightly patting her fur-covered hand.

"Thank you, Sans." she makes a smile to him, letting out a quiet breath of relief.

"I'll go check on 'em now."

Toriel nods, slowly picking up her book of snail facts. "I think I'll stay in here for a whileâ€œ|"

"Alrighty." Sans says, slowly stepping back from the queen, moving over to the door, and heading up to Frisk's room at his own, lazy pace.

2. Sweet Dreams

Frisk tossed and turned on their bed, several light whimpers escaping them. Another nightmare. That's all rest was to them, anymore. Every night, every day, every time they closed their eyes long enough to drift into sleep, they had the same haunting visions; of other timelines, of previous lives. Deaths at the hands of their friends. Their friends' deaths at their hand. The dust of countless innocent monsters coating their sweater. The sounds of screams, before they were cut off by the swipe, the slice, the arc of a knife.

They were tightly curled up, shaking in their sleep as a voice in their head spoke to them, one that sounded no older than themselves, the one that told them to do such horrible things in the past, the one they listened to out of fear, out of some twisted sense of 'necessity'. Long, crimson eyes formed from the darkness that had claimed their vision, and that voice spoke.

"Greetings, Frisk. I am Chara. You remember me, don't you? We used to be partners."

They try to fight past the voice, they try to wake up, desperate to escape Chara's quickly-strengthening thrall.

"Wasn't that fun? We were such a great team, you and I. Maybe we should do that again, sometimeâ€œ|" they suggest, in a disturbingly nonchalant way. Frisk gripped at their hair and vehemently shook their head back and forth, feeling Chara's presence slowly tear into their mind. They let out several soft cries and begged for Chara to go away, to leave and not come back. "Goâ€œ| go away, go away, go

away, go away, go away!" they repeated, their voice breaking. "Goâ€| awayâ€|" Frisk feigned, reaching out for strength from their determination. They felt a brief flow of energy and control, but it was quickly re-enveloped by the darkness, which now seemed stronger than ever. They had hardly been prepared for such an attack on their senses and their very control over their own body.

"Come on, partnerâ€| Let's do itâ€|" Chara persuaded, the whispers surrounding them.

"Iâ€| Iâ€| I d-don't want toâ€|" the younger human pleaded weakly.

They gripped at the sides of their head, hoping against hope that somehow, the pressure they put on their skull could force Chara out, make this pain in their head stop. Chara only gave a soft chuckle in response. "Hey, now, don't be such a crybaby, Friskâ€|" they taunted playfully, their voice laced with a false sense of companionship and familiarity. They said Frisk's name like it was a grievous insult.

More images flashed through their mind, visions of the genocidal atrocities they had unleashed in past timelines. Chaos, death, and destruction, fueled by unending determination, on a constantly repeating cycle, twisting the world and bending time to fix every mistake, and making each and every cycle a perfect victory. The perfect killing machine. A literal death factory. This is what they saw. The dark, painful memories they had tried so hard to repress returned once more, making the torment they had endured to put them away worth nothing.

There were several light knocks against the wall, each one coming slightly closer to the door, Sans attempting to alert Frisk to his presence as he turned the corner into the room. "Heya, kid-" the skeleton froze, staring forward at Frisk's restless, anguished form. "-doâ€|"

Sans grew silent, staring at the human as they writhed for a few moments. It took a few moments for the gears in Sans' head to grind together before he realized that Frisk was not okay. The skeleton then raced over to the bed. "Frisk?! Kid, are you alright!?" he asked with a great, and growing concern.

Frisk could hear Sans speaking. They would've felt a bit safer, if their very soul and body wasn't under siege by Chara. Chara forcefully pushed onwards, slowly beginning to take control over Frisk. Their eyes were clenched closed.

"Oh no- Frisk! Frisk, stay with me, hey, come on kiddo, stay with me here!" Sans shouted, grabbing the front of their shirt in his bony fists. He didn't know what was going on, but something was obviously very wrong with Frisk. The human fought a brutal mental battle, one that they were starting to lose. A teal flame of magic burst out from his left eye in his panic, casting a blue haze of light around the room.

"Come onâ€| Don't listen to him, Frisk. He hates you, you know that? He hates you." Chara taunted with a twisted assurance. Frisk shook their head more forcefully, tears running down from their tightly shut eyes.

"WHAT'S WRONG?!" shrieked a voice from the bottom of the stairs. Toriel.

Rapid footsteps could be heard behind the panicked mutterings of Sans and Frisk's unnatural sounds of distress, as the queen whipped through the doorframe into the room. "My child!" she gasped, hands clasping over her mouth. Sans looked up at Toriel, his eyes fearfully wide. The skeleton was afraid.

Chara hesitated for a few moments. Would it really be worth it to do this now? With Toriel and Sans right there, the risk of their whole, intricate plan falling apart was incredibly high. If they took Frisk over, and somehow, Sans pushed past the close connection he had with Frisk, it would all be over. They'd have to start again. And how could they guarantee their control would be strong enough that time? Who knew how long it could be before they were able to exert complete control like this?

Frisk felt the older human's relentless onslaught of their mind slowly retreat. Sans quickly returned his eyes to Frisk, reaching out with his magic to help them with whatever darkness they were facing. Maybe he could pull them out of this nightmare, or whatever the hell it was.

Chara let themselves be herded away into the dark recesses of Frisk's brain. "Catcha later!" they made a final taunt, slipping into the darkness. Frisk snapped awake, cold sweat coating them and making their clothes cling to their skin, their eyes briefly meeting those of Sans. Frisk shrieked, scampering off the bed. "Frisk, Frisk, hey!"

"My child, are you alright!?" Toriel questioned with concern, pushing past Sans and over to the terrified human. The skeleton stumbled but caught his balance with the assistance of the end of Frisk's bed, watching the queen. She scooped up the struggling child, hugging them tightly to her chest. "Oh, you poor child!"

Sans wiped away the sweat with his sleeve slowly, the burning blue flame gradually becoming nothing more than a watery ember. A shuddering sigh left him. "You! you had us real worried there, kiddo!" he said. The human could barely form any reply to the two of them, shoving their face into Toriel's fur and sobbing quietly. The queen comfortingly rubbed their back. "There there, my child!" she whispers, picking up the human and carefully carrying them downstairs. The skeleton was left alone in the room, giving one glance around before slowly stepping out, following the queen downstairs. What a meaningful conversation.

Chara thought to themselves in silence, very carefully revising their plan as needed. They paid no heed to the passage of time.

After all, they had all the time in the world.

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